

268242 X

27
56
8

268242 x

PS 1059

.B34 S6

1889

Copy 1

THE

SONGS

OF

✓
M. S. Baker

MONSSINI

268242x

Dec 31/89

THE

SONGS OF MONSSINI.

Or

The Cry of the Laborer Defrauded.

* * * * Let me make the songs of the people,
and I care not who makes their laws.—GARRISON.

SECOND EDITION.

THOS. A. CLARK & CO.
MINNEAPOLIS:
1889.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1889, by M. S.
Baker, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.
All rights reserved.

The Songs of Monssini.



The Workingmen's Marsellaise.

(Air: Marsellaise Hymn.)

1. Downtrodden millions, rise victorious !
For truth and justice firmly stand;
God is your shield, your cause ever glorious,
The freeman's hope in every land.
Long have we pleaded, our wrongs recalling,
But Freedom leads an ever valiant band;
With sword of victory in hand,
A hireling host before them falling.
- Cho. Arise! ye friends of truth,
Gird on the sword of right,
Work on! work on! all hearts resolved,
To conquer in its might,
2. Oh, glorious work! can man resign thee,
Or scorn repay thy generous hand?
Creation's Lord to men hath consigned,
Thou conqueror o'er sea and land,
Shall workmen blush, thy wonders revealing.
Or heap contempt on him by labor soiled?
Naught won had we not fought and toiled;
All other arts are unavailing.
3. Hail! Liberty, thy sons are waking,
To break the chain that binds thee down.

Greed's lawless tyrants' thrones are shaking,
 || Law, Love and Peace await their crown.
No more let knaves and tyrants name thee,
 To hide their shame and inhumanity;
 For truth and right are Liberty,
And naught but justice can reveal thee.

Pledged to the Right.

(Air: America.)

1. With willing heart and mind,
Workingmen now combine,
 For Freedom's cause;
Let every sound proclaim,
In our Creator's name,
That we henceforth maintain,
 His righteous laws.
2. May truth and right prevail,
Till all the world shall hail
 Friendship's bright day ;
For this our song shall be,
Helping the noble free,
Toiling on land and sea,
 Under our sway.
3. Thus we united stand,
Gathered from every land,
 In freedom's might,
Industry conquers all,
Breaking the tyrant's thrall.
Naught can our cause befall,
 Pledged to the right.

The Laborer Defrauded.

(Air: John Brown.)

1. Come, all ye landless laborers
Of every tongue and clime,
Attune your voices clear and strong
To swell this strain sublime
"The land is mine," the Lord hath said.
"The just inherit shall."
And we'll shout it while we march along.

CHORUS :

Free land by limitation for the billions,
Free land by limitation for the billions,
Free land by limitation for the billions,
And we'll shout it while we march along !

2. Ambition, greed and selfishness
Too long have held their sway.
They've filled our world with poverty.
Crime, misery and dismay.
But "the laborer defrauded
Heaven's vengeance overtake,"
And we'll shout it while we march along !

3. Oh, king craft, land craft, money craft
Or craft of any name,
If the useful and the honest lack,
Ye are worthless all the same,
Paul hits the nail right on the head:
"For such ought not to eat,"
And we'll shout it while we march along !

4. Legislation for the few
Is ten times worse than none at all.

A law is not a law
Unless a law to one and all,
"Our politics are made by thieves
Of public land and purse."
And we'll shout it while we march along !

5. But labor organizing
Is the Moses of to-day,
Who out from Pharaoh's bondage
Lead all Israel away;
Should monopoly pursue us,
"Mr. Pharaoh did the same."
And we'll shout it while we march along!

6. So we'll march and shout for labor's cause
In every tongue and clime,
Till ambition, greed and selfishness
By law be brought to time,
"Do unto others
As you wish that they would do to you,"
And we'll shout it while we march along!

Volumes of words may but confusion bring;
Truth needs but few, since its the simplest thing.

Persons and things should have their proper name,
For name them else, makes right and wrong the same.

Eyes made to see should see things to a jot,
Far better to be blind than think we see and see not.

Problems of faith the weak need not explore;
God's precepts are as plain as two and two makes four.

Union Rallying Song.

(Air: The Battle Cry of Freedom.)

1. Yes, we'll rally for the right, boys,
Rally 'gainst the wrong,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
Labor organized has rights,
And we'll have them right along,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
Our Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with seab labor, uproot it near and far.
And we'll rally for the right, boys,
Rally 'gainst the wrong,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
2. Yes, we'll rally for the right boys,
Rally 'gainst the wrong,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
Our ranks are being filled
With the valiant and the strong,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
Our Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with dissension, uproot it near and far;
And we'll rally for the right, boys,
Rally 'gainst the wrong,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
3. Yes we'll rally for the right, boys,
Rally 'gainst the wrong,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
All taxations should be laid
On the land where they belong;
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Our Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!

Down with taxation, uproot it near and far:

And we'll rally for the right boys,

Rally 'gainst the wrong,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

4. Yes, we'll rally for the right, boys,

Rally 'gainst the wrong,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom;

The producers of all wealth

Have been robbed of it too long;

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Our Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!

Down with oppresion, uproot it near and far,

And we'll rally for the right, boys,

Rally 'gainst the wrong,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Yankee Doodle Now-a-Days.

(First published in July, 1889.)

- 1 Yankee Doodle Dudes and Drones
Are getting rather plenty.
They live in style while labor groans
In garret, street and shanty.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle Dudes and Drones
Boom your land and money.
But stay your mortgages and loans
Or things will turn out funny.

- 2 'Tis hundred years ago they say,
Since we became a Nation.
But who will say tis' Freedom's sway
When Freemen face starvation.

Chorus.

Yankee Doodle Dudes and Drones
Boom your land and money.
But stay your mortgages and loans
Or things will turn out funny.

- 3 Yankee Doodle Dudes and Drones
Your trusts and speculations.
When Freedom calls in thunder tones
They'll change to confiscations.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle Dudes and Drones
Boom your land and money.
But stay your mortgages and loans
Or things will turn out funny.

- 4 Yankee Doodle Dudes and Drones
 Ye're not the Yankee Nation.
 With English Boodle in your bones
 Mere upstarts of Creation.

CHORUS.

Yankee Nation do them up,
 Yankee Nation dandy,
 Use your workingmen tip-top
 You'll always find them handy.

The K. of L. Rallying Song.

(Air: Watch on the Rhine.)

1. At trumpet sound rushed the knights of yore,
 To conquer or die for the cause they swore.
 Have we not a cause as well as they
 For which to conquer or die in the fray?
- CHORUS. Arouse, ye Knights of Labor, rise and stand
 Emancipate the laborer in every land.
 No other knight can his cause compare,
 To that for which our lives we swear,
 Called by humanity's cry to do or dare!
2. To chieftain's call we all honor yield,
 But not with the clang of sword and shield;
 Our arms are willing heart and hand,
 To follow prompt at his command.
3. No traitor shall our ranks defile.
 For selfish gain or greed beguile.
 'Gainst this the Order calls to fight,
 That marks the true and valiant knight.
4. Then on to glory at freedom's call;
 "An injury to one is an injury to all"—
 A motto ever true to God and man,
 That puts the Knights of Labor in the van.

Workingmen's Campaign Song.

(Air: Wearing of the Green.)

- 1 Let party might and party spite
Bring on their cranks and tools,
Upheld by big monopolists,
Whom Scripture names as fools;
But Dives and the devil
Can not always have their sway;
Poor workingmen henceforth insist
They'll have their honest say,
We've built for the rich their factories,
And stores and palaces,
But for all of that we poorer get –
Which shows their fallacies.
So none should be made rich,
Unless he pulls the rest along.
This is, in short, the gist of it,
Expressed in simple song.
- 2 Should something more than this be said
To benefit the mind,
Don't waste your time on politics,
That makes poor men more blind.
Protection, tariff and free trade
Are Dives' politics,
Which way you vote 'tis all the same
But capitalistic tricks.
They've got your land and money, boys,
What do they care for you?
You may starve or slave, go to your grave,
So will your children too.

Backed up by po'ice and Pinkertons,
And men well versed in law,
What can we do? Is it not true,
'Tis the worst you ever saw?

- 3 But if might is right, then fight is right,
And victory is ours;
We'll to the polls no more like fools,
To vote away our powers;
For Dives and his hirelings
Can be counted with the few,
While working men are everywhere
Where'er there's work to do.
Of the sixty millions they can say
Who shall our country rule,
Who shall legislate or sit him down
In the presidential stool;
For theives and robbers hitherto
Have chiefly made our laws;
Their grants and privileges at last
Must have their final clause.

Total Abstinence and Prohibition.

(Air: St. Patrick's Day.)

1. I'll sing you a song to the good tune "St. Patrick,"
 An air all inspiring to Irishmen's hearts.
But ne'er was it sung to a theme less symmetric
 Than Wine, the inventor of woeful arts;
For Irish and all have by it been degraded,
 No part of our world is free from its woe.
Then let us unite with our powers unfaded,
 To vanquish the wine cup, our common foe.
2. "Look not to the wine when it giveth its color,"
 Or moveth itself with satanic intent;
Your loss will be more than few cents on a dollar,
 If peace between heaven and soul is rent.
For all who by wine are deceived, it is written,
 Are lacking in wisdom, their powers ill spent,
For "wine is a mocker," and all who are bitten,
 Must die of its venom, unless they repent.
3. Were Adam and Eve above all to be tested?
 Or may not a test be on all just as well?
On letting alone all their happiness rested,
 Not letting alone we are proof that they fell;
Let liquor alone, is a precept of nature,
 For scripture and nature, teach always the same,
"Bad luck" to the man though he claims to be "tacher,"
 Who fails to teach this is but teacher in name.
4. Then hail to the truth Father Mathew "bequeated,"
 His name ever dear to the sons of Green Isle,
The virtue of temperance is ne'er overated,
 When counting the victims that liquor defile.

So cling to your standard as total abstainers,
And help to prohibit the selling of rum,
In everything good you will sure be the gainers,
And hand down the same generations to come,

Woman Suffrage.

(Air: Auy Man's Tune.)

1. If a social question is to be solved,
Where man and woman alike are involved,
Their mutual welfare we best may promote,
By giving them each the privilege to vote.
2. The reason is this, and none can deny,
That 'twixt woman and man is the strongest tie,
For love is stronger 'twixt man and woman
Than 'twixt man and man, or woman and woman.
3. Still more to the point is her property right,
Which does not depend on her physical might;
This basis of representation she claims—
Give way brutish man to her holier aims.
4. Then give her a chance on the question of liquor,
And soon he will cease to starve her and kick her,
And our youth will grow up in knowledge and health,
And our nation be strong in wisdom and wealth.

When K. of L. Men Shall Rule.

(Air: When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.)

1. When K. of L. men shall rule the day,
Hurrah! hurrah!

When K. of L. men shall rule the day,
Political parties must give up their sway.
And we'll all join the K. of L. men,
For the K. of L. men must rule.

2. They'll stop speculation in money and land,
Hurrah! hurrah!

They'll stop speculation in money and land,
And give them to all for the work of their hand
And we'll all join the K. of L. men,
For K. of L. men must rule.

3. Only eight hours work and the rest for self,
Hurrah! hurrah!

Only eight hours work and the rest for self,
To gain useful knowledge now laid on the shelf,
And we'll all join the K. of L. men,
For K. of L. men must rule.

4. For temperance and truth they are sure to stand,
Hurrah! hurrah!

For temperance and truth they are sure to stand,
Till freedom and right shall encompass the land,
And we'll all join the K. of L. men,
For K. of L. men must rule.

5. Let Co-operation the watchword be,
Hurrah! hurrah!

Let Co-operation the watchword be,
Till on Co-operation we all can agree,
And we'll all join the K. of L. men,
For K. of L. men must rule.

Opening Ode.

(Air: Auld Lang Syne.)

1. Kind friends again our hearts unite
 At Labor's holy shrine;
Here one and all, for truth and right,
 Their kindest thoughts enshrine,
But while our voice is tuned in song,
 Our hearts we'll raise above,
To praise him who our lives prolong—
 The God whose name is love.
- 2 So shall we meet but to renew
 The pledge that once we gave,
And all our powers rightly view,
 Till none shall us enslave.
Our cause is noble, just and wise.
 Our kin, humanity.
True worth from no condition rise;
 Our law is charity.
3. Once more the hour of duty calls,
 Our station to fulfill;
Sunshine or rain whate'er befalls,
 Naught can resist good will.
Let song and music fill the air,
 Let words of earnest ring,
'Twill make our trials seem more fair,
 Our cause will triumph bring.

Closing Ode.

(Air: The Morning Light is Breaking.)

1. Dear friends, the parting moment
 Has come, with duties done;
How sweet each hour's bestowment,
 When hearts unite as one.
Our sacred pledge is strengthened,
 Our duties lighter grow;
We would each hour were lengthened
 That greater good might flow.
2. Now home again returning,
 To those for whom we've met,
Their good our constant yearning,
 Their wrongs we'll ne'er forget.
Their right to health, wealth, wisdom,
 No tyrant shall impair,
This is the God-given freedom,
 Work shall our homes make fair.
3. Then pledged to one another,
 Our course we will pursue.
Here each one meets as brother,
 Nor elsewhere prove untrue.
A brighter day is breaking,
 We long to see it shine,
When sons of truth awaking
 Shall make men's lives sublime.

Timely Advice.

(Air: Where There's a Will, There's a Way.)

- 1 There is nothing, young man, in this world,
 That will give you more manhood and sense,
 Than be true to and love but one girl,
 A virtue we see at a glance;
 For the man who will love but one woman,
 Gives proof that true manhood is there,
 And of future it is the best omen
 That his home will be happy and fair.

- 2 Young lady, your part, in this matter,
 Should be taken with caution and care.
 You can help to make young men much better
 By questioning the name that they bear.
 Demand that their life be industrious,
 From whisky and tobacco exempt;
 Though his future may not be illustrious,
 He may be to you more than you dreamt.

- 3 Of reckless divorce and polygamy,
 And free-love the world has enough.
 They are doctrines of devils and infamy,
 Which the church should in earnest rebuff.
 They have sapped the foundation of nations,
 Religion and virtue go down,
 We shall share in their passed desolations,
 When God for these sins on us frown.

The Author's Prayer.

(Air; Windham.)

- 1 Come reign, Emanuel, Son of God!
Millions await to crown the king;
Peace is Thy Sceptre; and Thy rod,
Full justice to the word would bring.
- 2 Ages have watched, for thy return,
To bring that long expectant day;
When quick and dead shall God discern.
And own His universal sway!
- 3 Prepare my longing soul for this,
O! Christ, thou art my only plea;
Help me to shun hell's dark abyss,
By living truth and charity.

The Christian's Battle Hymn.

(Air: Adeste Fideles.)

1. Arouse thee, O Cristian, see the foe advancing,
Arm thee with courage, put on the shield of faith,
Strong in Jehovah, no host thy fears enhancing,
| With the helmet of salvation, | face to the foe.
2. Assailed and surrounded, the sword of truth
unsheathing,
Stand we defying Faith's calumniating hosts,
On the Rock of Ages, their angry arts repeating,
| The rock of our salvation, | Christ the Crucified!
3. Obey His commandments, refreshed with bread
supernal,
Fearless and faithful, press on to the end.
Glorious your welcome from the King eternal,
"Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom
prepared for you.

“Se ikke til Vinen.”

(Mel: Ja vi elsker dette Landet.)

1. Lad den arme Dranker veie,
 Vinens Glæder, Sus og Rus.
 Hvad er alt mod det at eie
 Adgang til vor Faders Hus;
 Synd og Skam er i dens Potter
 Mørk og farlig er dens Vei;
 Thi en Dranker og Bepotter
 Arve Himmerige ei.

2. Kort den Glædy Vin os skjænker,
 Falsk og ondskafuld den er;
 Guddoms Tanker den indskrænker,
 Some den onde gjerne ser.
 Fred og Kjærlighed forsvinde,
 Naar dens Orm ta'r Overmagt,
 Og dens Daarer uden ende
 Ere Doden underlagt.

3. Hold dig fra Forgiftens Bæger,
 Fly dens Fattigdom og Nød,
 Fuld of Logen og last, ei Hæder;
 Tag ei, smag ei, sky din Dod!
 Lad ei Vinen dig besnære,
 Brug det Livets kolde Vand;
 Vær, hvad Gud vil dig at være,
 I din Sjæl og Kraft,—en Mand!

—MONSSINI.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 420 3

268242 x

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 420 3

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5